

Civilian and Telegraph.

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NUMBER 2.

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

Has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their various and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received within the last eight years. Dr. S. has treated more than 20,000 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt effects that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable times, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with disease of the above nature, who are hindered with difficult or long standing cases may be well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private houses, or while travelling, without exposure or loss of time from business, and except in case of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the sufferers bear in mind when medicine is administered, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they will not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure and avoid great constitutional injury, but enable their medical attendant to moderate his charges. It is to be said justly, where symptoms have become confirmed, or the disease more widely extended, it is difficult to alter the bad habit. When the patient is advised to rest, and to abstain from eating, and to take the daily medicine, he is to be told that it is not to be taken, but to be taken as directed, and to be taken as directed, and to be taken as directed.

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Poetical.

BUBBLES.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted sunny ripple
To the smoother lymph below;

And over the white creek-bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous in the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under the stars of gold
Broke, and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still into its deeper current
Some sky-sweet gleam had cast;

That, however I mocked it gaily,
And gossiped at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul's less.

—Atlantic Monthly.

Miscellaneous.

An Overpowering Weapon to Subdue an Old Bachelor.

BY MRS. F.

'Why don't you marry, Joe?'

'Marry? Is the answer made in the most contemptuous manner, accompanied by a tilt of the chair to allow his slippered feet to rest comfortably on the mantelpiece.

'Yes, marry, I am sure you want a wife. You are making ducks and drakes of your income, wasting so much in house-keeping. House-keeping! The idea of an old bachelor keeping house!'

'Why not? Hannah makes me very comfortable.'

'Comfortable! Look at this room. Everything in the wrong place, dust all over the place, and not one of the pretty "fixins" with which woman beautify a room at a trifling expense. Then you fairly support Hannah's family, if I may judge by the quantity of provisions, clothes, and fuel, she smuggles out—the gate.'

'What?'

'Down came the chair, feet and all, and the bachelor, who was tall, handsome and yet on the side of forty, stood up before his little cousin, who was flinging home truths so lavishly in his face.

'Fact, Joe, I've seen her do it. Now, a wife would make this housekeeping all straight. Now, do marry, Cousin Joe, I want you to get a real nice wife.'

'Where is she to be found?'

'Well, let me see. And the little beauty knit her brow and looked as much puzzled as if the name of the person proposed had not been on the tip of her tongue for the last hour. 'Let me see! Oh, I know! Meta Snow.'

'What! Meta Snow, the most extravagant girl in the village! Now if you had said Mary Wright, who dresses simply, and has her house finished so neatly and plainly, I might have consented; but Meta Snow—why, her dresses and bonnets would cost a fortune, not to mention the expensive furniture she delights in. No chair, sofa, or curtains but embroidered ones suit her, and oh, worst of all, she spends half her time reading trashy magazines. Meta Snow! And Joseph Harris sunk back in the chair utterly overpowered with the magnitude of the idea.

'So Meta's extravagance is the only objection?'

'Well, yes; she is pretty, intelligent, lively, accomplished, but, you know, Jennie, my brother's experience makes me dread an extravagant wife. I think he owed his downfall entirely to Margaret's love of jewels, fine clothes, and expensive furniture. I am not mean—'

'Indeed you are not, Joe?'

'But I know what a weight on a man's energies an extravagant wife is.'

'Then if I can prove Meta Snow the most economical girl in the village, and that she spends less in one year than Mary Wright in six months, you will give me a new cousin, your wife?'

'Yes I will; but I'll bet a dozen pair of kid gloves and a new bracelet against a smoking cap—mine you know is very shabby—that you fail.

'Done! Come spend this evening with me. Good-by.' And away went Jennie Harris, on 'matrimonial schemes intent.'

The evening found Joe early at his cousin's. To tell the truth, Meta Snow's

pretty face and winning manner had won the bachelor's heart long before, but her apparently expensive habits frightened the offers on the tip of his tongue, and he was willing enough to pay the wager, could it be fairly won.

'Now, Joe,' said Jennie, meeting him at the door, 'I am going to hide you and have a little talk with the girls to which you must listen. If you are here I should not like to ask all the questions I intend to, and they might be shy of answering.'

'I lay eavesdropper, Jennie?'

'Exactly? It is fair in such a case.—Hark! the bell! There they are. In this closet, Joe!'

'But, Jennie!'

'Hush! You win a wife or smoking cap, any how. Go in! And with a parting push, Jennie locked the closet door.'

Joe, forced to comply now sat down in the large closet, on a stool considerably provided for the purpose, put his eye to a hole in the panel, and took a survey of the visitors just entering.

After this, he with a shrug of his shoulders, placed his ear where his eye had been.

The young ladies both pretty, were dressed in very different styles. Meta wore a light blue silk, with flounces; Meta's dress of blue velvet, and a pretty head-dress of blue ribbons on her luxuriant light hair. Mary was attired in a pearl-colored silk, made perfectly plain, with a rich lace collar and sleeves and her dark hair in simple braids, with gold-headed pins at the back.

Jennie opened her batteries at once. 'What a pretty dress, Meta?'

'Ain't it? I made it to-day.'

'O yes! I make all my own dresses; it is quite a saving.'

'I should think it would be,' said Mary Wright; 'my dressmaker's bills are enormous, I won't have my dresses made anywhere but in Philadelphia, and it cost a small fortune.'

'Do you like it?'

'Yes, thank you very much.'

'It is made out of the ribbon I had on my last blue dress. I got a receipt for renovating ribbon last week, and tried it. My bretelles are of the same.'

'I thought it was bran new, said Mary. What an economical girl you are, Meta!'

'I heard Meta called extravagant to-day, she said. Come, Meta, deny the charge and prove it false.'

'I think I can without vanity, said Meta. Father is not rich, and since my mother died I have learned to be economical. I make all my own clothes, bonnets, cloaks, and dresses included; embroider my collars and sleeves.'

'What? cried Mary; these elegant collars and sleeves you wear? Why I have often said that, although mine costs me so much, they do not compare with yours.'

'It is pretty work to take out when my hands would otherwise be idle, said Meta.

'So, I have one here. I will work as I defend myself. Then, Jennie, I make many of father's things—his dressing-gown, underclothes, slippers—and embroidered seats for all the worn out chairs and sofas. Our parlor furniture got very shabby, and we could not afford to refurbish; but I embroidered new seats for ottomans, sofas and chairs, and, with some of my tidies and a coat of varnish here and there, made it look quite respectable.'

'The prettiest parlor in the village!' said Jennie. But Meta, the fancy articles, shades, and all these things?'

'O, I make them, and they cost very little. Then father likes a good table and I have learned to be quite a cook. I put up all our preserves, and pickles, make the cake, and provide new dishes constantly.'

'Mercy! cried Mary; why, the preserves, pickles and cake alone, at our house, cost us a mint of money.'

'But, Meta, said Jennie, how do you find time for all this? I was informed that you spent half your time reading a trashy magazine.'

'Oh, Jennie, how can you call it so, when you make it so useful yourself? I repeat another's assertions.'

What's that? cried Mary and Meta, both at once.

Only my Cousin Joe. Come out, sir, and Jennie opened the door.

But what was he doing there? asked Meta.

Eating my preserves, said Jennie, giving her cousin a pinch.

No such a thing, said Joe, frankly.

I was gaves-dropping, I am ashamed to say. Miss Meta, forgive me for the unfounded charges which Jennie has repeated. She defended you at the time, and shut me here to convince me what a mistake I had made. I take it back; and he added in a whisper to Jennie; the bracelet and the gloves shall be sent here in the morning.

I forgive you, said Meta, laughing.

Mary, said Jennie, come with me to the dining room a moment. I want to show you a new basket I made to-day.

Meta was following them, but Joe, inwardly blessing his Cousin Jennie, took her hand and gently detained her. Reader my tale is told. Joe Harris lost his wager, and won Meta for a wife. To all bathelors I would say, at parting: Go thou, and do likewise.

A Most Extravagant Woman.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor.

M. Foul, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the imperial mode has caused them to incur.

The world owes Crinolines to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article.

She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one leads into in Oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold.

The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and pearl, is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrian carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portulacs are of tortoise shell arabesque with gold, and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls.

The beautiful woman who has thus surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is without an intriguing politician.

The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty.

The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond of meddling in state affairs, as Eugenie, and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day, however, they lost their heads, poor things. Would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take the warning to heart?

Remarkable Lakes in Portugal.

On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal called Estrella, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them which is said to be unfathomable.

What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when it is stormy. It is, therefore probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up, though almost forty miles from the sea.

There is another extraordinary lake in that country, which before a storm, is said to make a rumbling noise, that may be heard at a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called Feryngas, about twenty-four miles from Combe, that absorbs not only wood, but lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, &c which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Estremoz, which petrifies wood or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter is perfectly dry.

A farmer having made a fortune, moved into the city to enjoy it, but his old love clung to him, and he indulged in a small way in the agrarian pursuit. Visiting his friends in the country, and relating his experience in city farming, he said: 'I put outside my window a large box, filled with mud and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?—Wheat, barley, or oats?'

'No a policeman who ordered me to remove it.'

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of Secession and the end of Jeff Davis.

The Task Completed.

The mother's work is never done, unless God takes it from her by a special providence until her children are old enough to stand and to act for themselves on the stage of mature life. From the birth of her oldest to the maturity of the youngest she must work, work, work, watch, watch, by day and by night, week in and week out, for months and years, following each other in long succession. We speak not of maternal work of the labor of the hands to supply the wants of the physical nature; the answering of, 'What shall we eat, and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?'

Money can accomplish all this, if we have it and if not, we will not sigh, nor fret, nor covet, for the heart work, the solicitude of a good mother for a virtuous and honorable character in her children, walks forth with a bolder, steeper step by the side of frugal and daily labor, than it is apt to do if separated from them.

It is a well known fact, that almost all the true greatness, the noble virtues, the heroism which the world has seen, have arisen from the lap of security, poverty and toil.—But the work to which we now refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve the assiduous cultivation of the intellect of her nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which live forever and ever. For this she must always be at her post with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed, training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom and the fruit to ripen. Then comes a heyday of enjoyment, of rest and comfort to the mother in the golden Autumn of her life, when surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous, and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face in the glow of her own heart's ever burning love, and the smile of Heaven as a halo of light about her head—a spectacle to be admired of all. But this season of comfort, this 'Indian summer' of maternal life, never comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their work for others to do; for the sake of personal ease, sensuous indulgence or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, verify the words of our Lord, 'Whoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.'

A GHOST HEYD AND a successful one came off on Tuesday night. For weeks past the believers in and about East Wheeling in that class of animal productions have been confirmed in their faith, though terrified out of their wits, by the freaks and feats of a veritable and frequently recurring ghost. Others not so sound in the faith, nevertheless believed there was something that moved about and scared their weaker neighbors, and so, a number of them gathered round a certain spot and after patiently waiting closed upon their game as the French go by *battis*. The gratifying result was the capture of the ghost; a fine substantial fellow, of large bone and tough muscle, who by day performs duties in the Government stables on John Street. The ghost when run down was invested with a horse skin and looked altogether like an ugly customer. We have not heard to what purpose the captured sprite is to be applied; but surely he should not be subjected to any thing short of a 'course of sprouts.'—*Wheeling Press.*

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.—The mistakes of friends, as well as the hatred of its enemies have represented it as a day of gloom and austerity. A true Sabbath is just as gloomy as true piety; just as gloomy as a heart can be, that is at peace with God and assured of heaven, that hears the voice of a loving Father in every mercy, and sees His hand in all His works. It is true, that with all this experience of faith and joy; the Sabbath will mingle confessions of sin and tears of repentance, wailings of grief and prayers for deliverance. But the Sabbath does not make sin or the sorrows; it only takes them to a compassionate Saviour for relief, and the highest pitel of all its ecstasy is just at that 'point where the sorrow is turned into joy.' Would that all those who hate or dread the day, could have a fair experience of its spiritual delights. What unknown refreshment, what expansions, what satisfaction it should bring them! It should lie across their rough and shaded pathway like a gleam of sunshine upon green pastures and still waters. Men would find themselves in a new world, if every week should roll into this life of heavenly light.—*Rev. U. D. Gauss.*

RATHER FOXY.—A Scotch paper speaks of a fox having been seen trying spring a steel trap by means of a stick which he carried in his mouth. We know a fox that took the well pole from the lower limb of the tree with it, and put the pole back in its place. At least he got the turkey, and the pole was found all right in the morning.

Give All to His Country.

An old gray-headed man, upward of eighty years of age, came in from the East this morning by the train, on his way home to Michigan. He had a sad story to tell of the sorrows of this unholly rebellion. The old gentleman, whose name is Crane, residing in Wayne county, Michigan, had three sons. Two of them joined one of the Michigan regiments and have done good service in several of the battles in Eastern Virginia. The third, not much more than a lad was also anxious to join his brother, but was for some time dissuaded from the step by his father and mother, the latter having been for years a confirmed invalid. At last the urgent entreaties of the lad prevailed, and but a short time since he passed Cleveland on the way to join their regiments to which his brothers belonged.

The bloody struggle at Antietam followed soon after; and in that battle the three brothers fell fighting bravely.

Information was sent home to the bereaved parents, and the shock of news was so great that the mother, enfeebled by a long sickness, died in a few days. As soon as she was laid in the grave the old man set out for the battle field, with the hope of finding the bodies of his three sons and bringing them home to rest beside that of their mother. The search was long and though, but was unsuccessful. They had been probably buried on the field with nothing to mark where they lay.

Mr Crane returns home, bent down with years and with great sorrow. He says that he has now no relatives left and nothing to live for. Yet does not regret the sacrifice made on the altar of his country, and only laments that he has not strength to shoulder his musket and go himself to fight against wicked rebellion.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss.

'Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the crows to rub themselves against, and for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under poisonous weeds?'

It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of human life, wearing off the rough corners, and bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate, or the chalcodony.

It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are soon ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

WET THE POWDER.—To Irishmen it a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

'Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd better stop firin a little.'

'Devil a bit,' replied Mike; 'jist dig the cartridges in the river afore yees load, an' kape it cool.'

A boy who had stolen some apples was forgiven for the rather ingenious manner in which he executed himself. The school master, asking him what he had to say for himself, theurchin replied, 'The apples were Tom's; I don't know how he got them; an' now they're mine, and he don't know how I got them.'

POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—We hear that on Tuesday night the Post Office at St. Clairsville, Belmont co., Ohio, was forcibly entered by some burglariously disposed person who attempted a good deal more than he effected. But little plunder was achieved, the highest known amount taken from the till being only \$5. We do not hear if suspicion rests on any one in particular.

A physician had a brother who was a jeweler, but the jeweler had no brother who was a physician; how was that? Kase the physician was a female.

Why is a milkman like Pharoah's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in a man in the honey moon.

A Great school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having even one; for herself or for smaller people.

An Extraneous, in puffing a soap says: 'It is the best thing used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have used it, and therefore we know.'